Unlikely Magic

When I got the news of my dying,
the apartment presented another disaster.

I buzzed the doctor, assuming he got
the same vile report "Ah yes," he

purred, "couldn't be worse."
I can't leave this chaos behind.
"Don't you have friends to lend

a hand?" Yeah, but they're not much
into final trips. Knowing I'd never

be ready in time
I’m refusing to leave.
Period.

So the place still looks like shit
and things stay lost.
Amen.